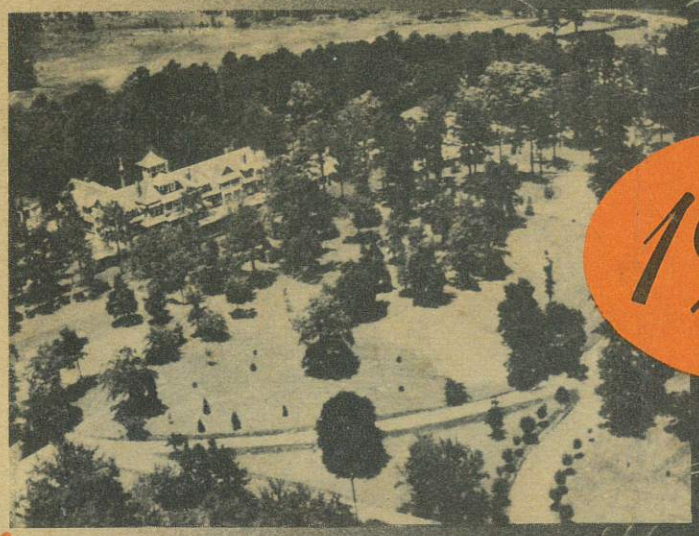


1927

The story of the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation

1947

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Foreword...

Franklin D. Roosevelt is alive today in the hearts and minds of many men. His service to his country and to the world needs no monument for remembering.

And yet it is here, in Warm Springs, Georgia, the scene of his own struggles against physical disability, that he is most alive. For here he brought courage to others who had had infantile paralysis. Here he showed others how to conquer fear.

Today, as we dedicate his Georgia home, the Little White House, as a national and international shrine, we feel his presence. Whatever other accomplishments may keep his name great throughout history, here at Warm Springs the memory of the man is kept bright. These rooms he lived in, these hills he loved, these red clay roads he delighted in driving over, all are reminders. But mostly, he is alive in the spirit of the patients here.

Georgia Warm Springs Foundation this year is celebrating the twentieth anniversary of its founding. It is natural for those of us who for a score of years have known that wave of the hand at the Warm Springs railroad station and seen that smiling face in front of Georgia Hall, to feel the presence of the founder. And yet those who are visiting here for the first time today will sense it, too. It is in the faces of patients sunning on the campus, laughing in the dining room, drinking cokes at the gift shop or golf house.

It is the spirit of Warm Springs, and it flows through from him. How can I describe it? Debonair? Undismayed? One man put it here in the beginning, fanned it, watched it grow. And it is here today, just as strong as before April 12, 1945, when Franklin D. Roosevelt died in the Little White House.

So long as there are boys and girls whose faces light with hope, men and women who are standard-bearers in the fight for a good, a wholesome and a happy life despite physical handicap—just so long will Franklin D. Roosevelt be gloriously alive.

Basil O'Connor

President of the
Georgia Warm Springs Foundation
and the National Foundation for
Infantile Paralysis.

June 25, 1947

GEORGIA WARM SPRINGS FOUNDATION
20
YEARS

Georgia Hall—center of the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation,
built by contributions from citizens of Georgia.

Georgia Warm Springs was established to help polio patients lead normal lives. Franklin D. Roosevelt used an automobile with special equipment which he could drive while at the Little White House.

The story of Warm Springs

In the beginning there were the springs, gushing warm out of the earth in a silent sea of pines. There, legend has it, Indians of the Creek confederacy in Georgia, Alabama and northern Florida brought their wounded warriors—to bathe in the springs, after all other efforts to heal their injuries had failed. A stricken warrior was granted safe conduct through territories of hostile tribes, if his destination was "the warm springs." Thus, the springs became an influence for peace, a sort of inter-tribal sanctum in the wilderness.

The atmosphere of peace still pervades the clearing in the pine woods, known today throughout the world as the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation. In a sense, those who come there also are granted safe conduct through the suddenly hostile territory of the "normal" world to which they once belonged, from which they have become separated by their affliction by infantile paralysis. Their safe conduct pass is the wish of their fellow-men to see them become well and strong again, a wish given reality through streams of dimes and dollars to ease the way.

Although the magical properties of the warm springs long have been discredited, the waters are used to a greater extent and for more wounded warriors than ever the Creek Indians could have imagined. They have become one of many routes to health and strength offered at the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation.

Geologists have explained how the rain that falls on Pine Mountain, several miles away, descends 3800 feet to a vast pocket of rock, is warmed by the inner earth and returned to the surface, at a rate of 800 gallons each minute and a temperature of 88 degrees F. Engineers have calculated it would require twenty tons of coal every twenty-four hours, to duplicate nature's water-heating performance at Warm Springs. Thus it is that this spot naturally attracted, first, people who sought warm-water bathing for recreation, later, cripples seeking warm-water treatment for their ills.

But it took another kind of magic to transform the Indians' warm springs and the white man's holiday retreat into the first and largest hospital for the treatment of the after-effects of infantile paralysis, mother of the infantile paralysis movement in the United States.

It was the magic of a vision possessed by one man, who dreamed it into being.

Half a century ago, Warm Springs, Georgia, was a small summer resort for people seeking relief from sultry cities and air adulterated with smoke from multiplying chimneys of the new industrial age. There, on the site of a post tavern on a military highway leading to Columbus, Georgia, the Meriwether Inn did a thriving seasonal business. A large, rambling building with gingerbread on its roofline, gables galore, curlicues in woodwork to shame an old-fashioned penman and contours unclassifiable in architecture, it welcomed two generations of guests who, in the early days, arrived by stagecoach from the railroad depot at Durand, Georgia. The nearest village was Bullochville, which took the name of Warm Springs in 1924.

In the early 1900's the automobile proved that it could take Georgians farther away for relaxation, and Meriwether Inn went into decline. By 1924 it had become a run-down resort, still gracious with hospitality, still loved by a few who had known it in more fashionable days, but hardly to be suspected of future growth or importance.

To Meriwether Inn, in the fall of 1924, came a private citizen from Hyde Park, New York. He was a man in the prime of life who had been stricken by infantile paralysis. His legs were useless. Improvement had been agonizingly slow for three years. But Franklin D. Roosevelt came to Warm Springs to try to overcome his crippling condition and to give the sleepy little village and the waning resort a new, meaningful destiny in the doing.

He didn't know that, then. Nobody knew. He came because his friend, George Foster Peabody, who had purchased an interest in old Meriwether Inn from its original owners, Charles Davis and his niece, Miss Georgia M. Wilkins, told him about a young man who had had infantile paralysis, who swam in the warm springs and appeared to improve. Private Citizen Roosevelt stayed only a few weeks, but it was the first of many visits, visits which were to change not only his own life but the lives of many others who, like him, had had infantile paralysis. And here twenty-one years later fate ordained that his life's work should end.

In those early days he swam in the public pool, located about 500 yards from the shabby elegance of Meriwether Inn. He swam, and was startled into belief in his own progress by the greater ease with which he was able to move his lame legs under water. He was discovering, for himself, the value of hydro-therapy, an ancient healing art that today has become part of the flowering profession of physical medicine.

Not a scientist, and without medical background, Mr. Roosevelt could not explain *what* was happening, as he progressed after many patient hours of exercise in the warm buoyant waters of the resort pool. He consulted the local country doctor, Dr. James Johnson; together they tried to figure it out on the basis of physical facts. Which muscles were used? How could one test their returning strength? The two men didn't find the answers — but they set the stage for later, scientific work along these very lines.

Dr. Johnson, still practicing in the neighboring town of Manchester, remembers a crude muscle chart prepared by Unofficial Hydro-therapist Roosevelt that was used to guide other infantile paralysis victims as they came to Warm Springs to follow Mr. Roosevelt's example. For they came. How they came! By ones and twos, then five, finally, that first year, a total of seventeen patients — uninvited, unprovided for, drawn by accounts in the newspapers of Franklin D. Roosevelt's efforts to "swim his way to health."

One of the first of these was young Fred Botts of Elizabethville, Pa., a recent college graduate who had been studying singing in New York when infantile paralysis cut short his career. Mr. Botts, today Registrar of the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, remembers vividly the bewilderment, the confusion, the misunderstandings of those old days. Regular resort guests protested the use of the pool by polio patients for fear of "catching" the disease, forcing Tom Loyless, manager of Meriwether Inn, to bar even the use of the regular dining room to the "pariahs." These men and women seeking strength for their crippled bodies ate their meals for some time in a separate dining room in the basement of the Inn.

Mr. Roosevelt, on his own, built a small treatment pool twenty-five or thirty yards from the public pool, where he and his "gang" could continue their unsupervised, unregulated, groping efforts to reduce their afflictions in the warm water of the springs.

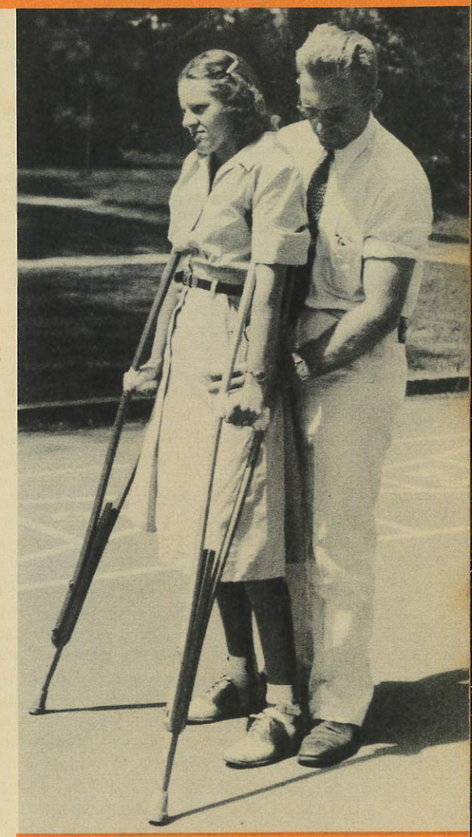
But that wasn't enough, and Mr. Roosevelt knew it. He sought scientific appraisal of what was happening.

In 1926, having observed that other patients, too, thought they had been benefited by their sojourns at Warm Springs, Mr. Roosevelt invited Dr. LeRoy W. Hubbard, orthopedic surgeon of the New York State Health Department, to come down and take a professional look. Dr. Hubbard observed twenty-three patients for periods of from five to seven weeks each between June and December of 1926. At the close of the season, a detailed report of each case was sent to three prominent orthopedic surgeons, all of whom had sent patients to Warm Springs. Each patient had seemed to improve, and some showed marked improvement.

That convinced the man from Hyde Park. His dream of a center for after-care of infantile paralysis at Warm Springs had been growing — now professional opinion

Townspeople of Warm Springs always greeted Franklin D. Roosevelt as a friend and neighbor, when he arrived at the little station in the village.

Learning to walk again—a familiar scene at the Warm Springs Foundation.



Occupational therapy plays a prominent part in rehabilitating polio patients. This boy is learning to operate an electric typewriter.

gave sinews to the dream. With four other men whose interest he obtained, he formed the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, a non-stock, non-profit institution. The incorporators were Mr. Roosevelt, George Foster Peabody, Basil O'Connor, Herbert N. Straus, and Louis McH. Howe.

The new Foundation had two objectives:

1) To use the natural facilities of Warm Springs and the skill of an able, carefully-selected professional staff for the direct aid of patients.
2) To pass on to the medical profession and to hospitals throughout the land any useful observations or special methods of proved merit resulting from this specialized work, which might be applied elsewhere.

So it was, in 1927, that gentlemen in plus-fours collected their golf clubs and checked out of Meriwether Inn. Ramps replaced the front porch stairs, and men, women and children in wheelchairs, on crutches or with canes, checked in. Women in crisp white uniforms replaced women in sports clothes.

And an unseen guest checked into the old Inn, not as a transient but as a permanent resident. Her name was Hope.

Georgia Warm Springs Foundation of 1927 consisted of the old Meriwether Inn, several guest cottages and the old resort pool. It was called "the Colony," because of its residential appearance. According to Reinette Lovewell Donnelly, one of the early patients, it "looked like any oldtime hostelry in any quiet mountain resort of the Eastern states. Porch chairs, a great dining room with negro waiters, parked automobiles with state licenses from far and near, big trees of oak and pine, and under them a midget golf course. Only after a first look did you see the fleet of wheelchairs filled, for the most part, with youth, and the crutches, canes, braces. But nothing there seemed like a hospital or sanitorium. It had the spirit of a country club."

Nevertheless, in 1927, seventy-one patients were treated, and there was a staff of 110 medical and other employees. There were 700 patients in 1946 and 226 employees.

Dr. Hubbard was the first medical director. He served until December 1, 1931, when Dr. Michael Hoke, Atlanta orthopedist, became Surgeon-in-Chief.

The Foundation grew rapidly, amazing the associates of the man from Hyde Park, who travelled frequently to Warm Springs with him, fired by his enthusiasm. Not even Basil O'Connor, to whom Mr. Roosevelt turned over the direction of Warm Springs in 1928 on becoming Governor of New York State, foresaw in those days what this Foundation was to be.

Mr. O'Connor shared his former law partner's expressed belief: "In my opinion it would be a mistake to think of the Foundation as just a hospital. It is all of that and more . . ." But, in those days, before Mr. Roosevelt even had built his own cottage on the grounds and long before he had any intimation that he would occupy a Little White House there, who could have realized that the Indians' old healing springs and the run-down summer resort would be sponsored by the whole American people through a celebration of the President's Birthday each year, leading to the establishment of a public-supported National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis?

The first signs of growth were in 1928, when a glass-enclosed patients' pool was built with a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Edsel Ford. Then came the Norman Wilson Infirmary, a small building to house patients with small illnesses, built in 1930 at a cost of $40,000 raised directly by patients and their friends and named for a Philadelphia patient who had died shortly after he left Warm Springs. There followed, in 1933, Georgia Hall, the present administration building, built with $125,000 contributed by the citizens of Georgia, the state President Roosevelt regarded as his "second home."

Then, in 1935, came two dormitories housing forty-five patients. Kress Hall was built with funds largely donated by Samuel H., Rush H. and Claude W. Kress, and Builders' Hall with money donated by friends of the builders, Hageman and Harris of New York City. That same year a playhouse was created by remodelling the old outdoor dance pavilion of Meriwether Inn, through the generosity of the Honorable Frank C. Walker and the late Michael E. Comerford. It's here present patients of the Foundation see their movies Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays, movies provided free of charge by Atlanta distributors. They also put on their own special shows, hear visiting lecturers.

The Chapel was erected in 1937, the donation principally of Miss Georgia M. Wilkins, one of the former owners of Meriwether Inn and the springs. The Brace Shop, where appliances are made and fitted and adjusted to patients, came into being in 1938. The School and Occupational Therapy Building went up in 1939, housing a school, library and craft shop, gift of Mrs. S. Pinkney Tuck.

But the biggest step forward was the opening of the Medical Building, a complete orthopedic hospital where today an average of 200 operations a year are performed. Before 1939 patients in need of surgery had to travel to Atlanta, seventy-two miles away, for such services. Last year, on June 15, 1946, a new east wing was added to the Medical Building, bringing the capacity of the building from fifty-five to 141, or the major part of the Foundation's roster of 165 at any one time.

There is today a Physical Therapy Post-Graduate School at Warm Springs, set up in 1941, to train physical therapists in the specialized care of polio patients. The campus pool, where all hydrotherapy is given now, was erected in 1942.

The old Meriwether Inn is no more. It was razed to make way for Kress and Builders' Halls. Some of its cottages still stand — one on the campus. There are thirty-six Foundation-owned cottages today.

The Foundation has become a complete community, a village unto itself. It comprises about 4500 acres of land, of which twenty-five are landscaped and tended, and includes what used to be the Roosevelt farm — 2500 acres, 100 of which are cultivated. There are ten miles of red clay road winding through this acreage, every mile of it maintained by the Foundation.

The Foundation has its own heating plant, laundry, commissary, fire department, even its own golf course and an 1800 volume library. Patients are transported from trains and airports by modern ambulance and passenger car.

Twenty years of growth have touched the clearing in the pine woods with a transforming finger. But it did not all happen at Warm Springs, Georgia.

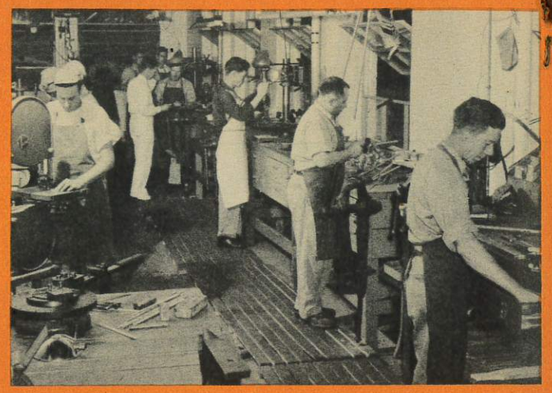
The new buildings that went up, the new interest that mounted, the wider ripples of hope that spread from Warm Springs throughout the nation were made possible by the generosity of a people who shared the dream of the man from Hyde Park. For in 1932 they elected him thirty-first President of the United States, and in 1934 they became his partners in supporting the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation.

On January 30, 1934, the first Birthday Balls in celebration of the President's birthday were held throughout the land. They were sponsored by the American people for the benefit of the polio center their President had brought into being at Warm Springs. More than $1,000,000 was raised that first year — and it happened again in 1935, 1936, 1937.

By that time, the horizons of the dream had begun to grow.

The President continued to come to Warm Springs for periodic check-ups and treatment, living in the simple six-room house he had built on the grounds in 1932, the

There is plenty of time for games and entertainment at Warm Springs. Georgia Hall has such gatherings every evening.



Warm Springs has its own brace shop so that patients may be expertly fitted with appliances to help them walk again.

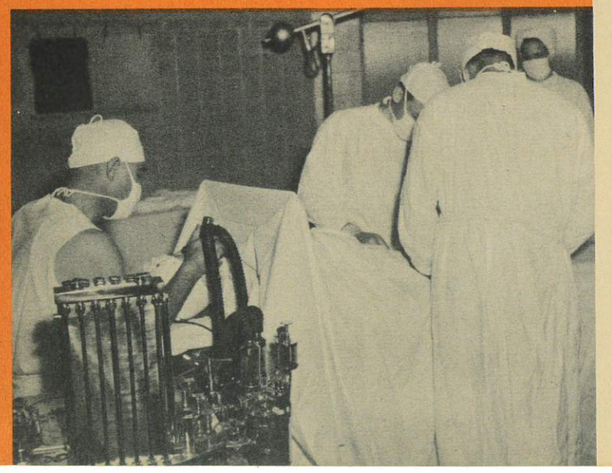
Around the piano in Georgia Hall. Community singing always is popular.

Everything is done to help tiny tots lead normal lives at Warm Springs.

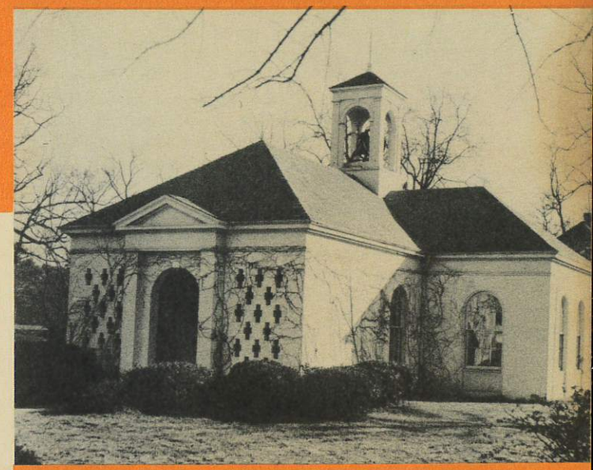
The pool at Warm Springs. The water comes from a natural spring and flows into the pool at a constant temperature of 88 degrees.

The new Medical Building is one of the most complete treatment centers in the country.

Surgery, sometimes necessary in the treatment of patients, is performed in this operating room.

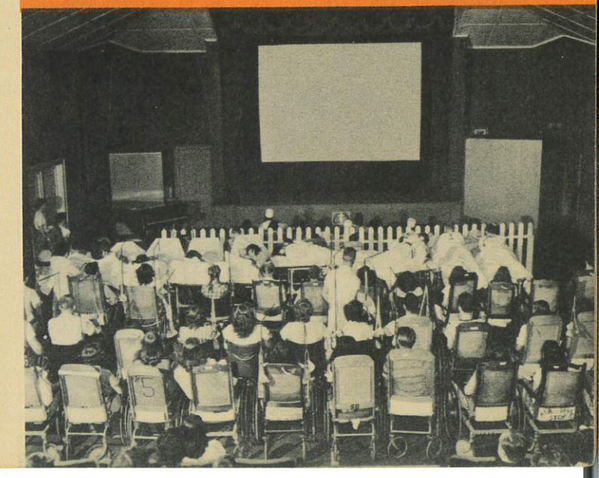


The Chapel is in the central group of buildings. Here devotional services of various denominations are held.



Everybody goes to the movies, including those on stretchers and in wheelchairs.

The dining room in Georgia Hall is arranged to accommodate patients in wheelchairs.



house destined to be known as "the Little White House." His visits were among the happiest periods of his life. Each trip, from the moment he stepped down the ramp from his special train at the tiny Warm Springs station, to be greeted by the villagers, until he drove himself in his blue automobile with specially-constructed driving controls, followed by Secret Service men, for a last look at Shiloh Valley from the top of Pine Mountain, he was "one of the Foundation gang" — that man from Hyde Park, seeking strength and health and happiness.

But much as he loved the place, he realized it was not the whole answer to the problems of infantile paralysis patients. Obviously, the Foundation, with its limited number of beds, could not take care of all the infantile paralysis patients in the country. Were there enough other places equipped and staffed to give good treatment for the after-effects of infantile paralysis? Then, too, new victims of the disease appeared each year. What were scientists doing in the field of research to find out what caused infantile paralysis and discover a preventive or cure?

An effort to answer these two questions came on January 3, 1938, when the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis was formed, with Basil O'Connor as president. The new Foundation was to "lead, direct and unify the fight" against infantile paralysis. Since that time, all the funds raised in January of each year have been for the National Foundation; the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation has been one of its grantees.

A large percentage of today's patients at Warm Springs, who always have been preponderantly part-pay or no-pay patients, are financed by their local Chapters of the National Foundation. There are more than 2,700 such Chapters in the country, whose job it is to give financial assistance to infantile paralysis patients whose families cannot pay all the cost of adequate treatment.

Many more are financed for care and treatment at hospitals in all forty-eight states which have opened their doors to polio patients. Many hospitals now have polio wards staffed and equipped in part with funds from National Foundation Chapters. Physicians, nurses, physical therapists, medical social workers, health educators, medical record librarians and others have been trained with March of Dimes money for expert care and treatment of infantile paralysis patients, wherever they might be. Warm Springs is not the only place where excellent modern treatment for infantile paralysis can be obtained today, although it still is the only complete hospital exclusively for infantile paralysis cases.

Today, too, one of the largest medical research programs in history is under way, financed by the people of the United States through the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. The President had appointed a research commission in 1937 to ascertain the need for nationally coordinated and financed research seeking to solve the mystery of infantile paralysis. He tested his own idea that it *was* needed, much as he had tried out the idea of a treatment center at Warm Springs by getting professional advice. The recommendations of the commission have been followed with projects totalling almost $13,000,000 for research and education since 1938, results of which — in knowledge of the disease and its proper care — have been noticeable everywhere, even though the ultimate goal of prevention or cure has not yet been attained.

All this activity, the improvement that has come about throughout the nation in twenty years, was touched off by the vision of the man from Hyde Park and the co-operation of the millions of citizens whose destiny he guided for almost thirteen years. Its birthplace was Warm Springs, Georgia.

Many changes have come to the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation since 1927, but in some ways it hasn't changed at all.

"It is not the policy of the trustees to develop Warm Springs into either a hospital or a sanitorium," reads an early report. "Warm Springs does and always will offer people the facilities to live normal lives — to receive treatment and to be instilled with new hope, a new philosophy of thinking and a mental therapy which, after all, is the heart and soul of physical therapy."

Of course, it *is* a hospital now, and an excellent one, but that spirit of normalcy prevails within its walls and among its colonnades, none the less.

When the sun is bright on the clean white sides of Georgia Hall, and pine tree shadows fall across the green campus, stretchers appear on the balcony porch of the Medical Buildings, wheelchairs gather on the concrete walking area under the balcony, ambulatory patients find a place in the sun. Even then, you are struck with the resort-like, the college-like, the country-club spirit of the place. For these are men and women, boys and girls, who have come to improve their physical condition and to grow, study, learn, play, make friends, fall in love, be happy while they are doing it.

They are following a high tradition. For each of them, the founder of Georgia Warm Springs is an inspiration. He, too, did what they are doing — his life, which was a great one, was bound up in this place. And he learned to rise above his afflictions. They feel they will, too.

To them the newly-won prominence of Warm Springs as an historic site is personal distinction. The white-shingled cottage caressed by thick foliage that has been empty since April 12, 1945, is more than a national or international shrine to them. It is the focal point of their interest, the visible evidence that Franklin D. Roosevelt lived here.

The Little White House itself is a simple, though charming, building set at the side of a hill which is one of many surrounding the Foundation campus. Its unpretentiousness, the informality of its furnishings, the vista of woods and valley glimpsed from its stone terrace are typical of the man who built the house, lived in it, died there. But they are typical of Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, too. It's all of a piece. Pine-panelled walls, big stone fireplaces, hooked rugs, overflowing bookcases — these are everywhere at the Foundation. All the patients, and the Foundation staff as well, belong to it and it belongs to them.

They don't stay here long, most of the patients. The average stay is 100 days. For most, Warm Springs performs no miracles, nor do the patients expect miracles. They may walk out of the gates with or without braces, may leave knowing they are scheduled to return later on. But they carry with them that sense of belonging to a special fraternity, all the members of which understand a little better what they have done and what they must do. Theirs is a proud faith in themselves to face the future with the spirit of Warm Springs, of the man in the Little White House.

The day before Franklin D. Roosevelt went away from Warm Springs for the last time, he got in his familiar blue car and drove out to Dowdell's Knob, a flat shelf atop Pine Mountain which was his favorite look-out station. He dismissed his guards and companions, sat there alone behind the wheel of his car, looking over the green sweep of Shiloh Valley to the pinkish hills. He sat for two hours.

Nobody knows his thoughts that day, nor ever will. But those who knew him best at Warm Springs recalled something he had often said to them.

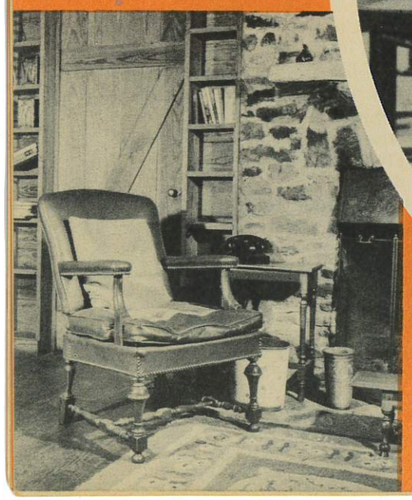
"You know," he used to say, "when we get hopeless patients, we ought to bring them out here and let them look at this valley. If they can do it and not be inspired, then we'll know they are really hopeless — not before."

A look at the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, over the valley of its twenty years of existence, also presents a vista of hope.

The Little White House as it looks from the entrance drive.

Franklin D. Roosevelt relaxing on the rear terrace of the Little White House overlooking the mountains and valley.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's favorite chair in which he was fatally stricken.



The Little White House

The average American, knowing the social, financial, educational and cultural background of Franklin D. Roosevelt, is surprised by his first look at the late President's Georgia home. It is an informal, inexpensive little six-room house, the sort many ordinary men could and do build, in which most men feel completely at home.

As an historical monument, the Little White House more closely resembles Lincoln's log cabin than Jefferson's Monticello. There are a few unusual features: the glass wall of the living room looking out on the rear terrace, the front and rear porches that resemble those of the White House in Washington. But the whole place gives the impression of being a masculine retreat, a house that illustrates the complete simplicity of the man, rather than a decorator's dream.

The house is about sixty by thirty-two feet in size, of general southern Colonial architecture, built low to the ground. The foundation is of white-washed stone, the exterior walls white painted wood, the roof asbestos shingles. The shutters are green. Rambler roses climb the columns of the front porch. It was built in 1932 for a total cost of $8,700. Much of its raw material was locally produced. Most of the interiors—walls and ceilings – are of unvarnished natural pine, the fireplace of fieldstone. Floors, too, are of local lumber, stained darker than the walls.

The house bears few marks of having been built for what Warm Springs patients call a "polio." Except for the doors that have no sills and the bathroom fixtures, which are raised on cement blocks, there are no special conveniences. The hooked rugs surely had to be moved before a wheelchair could maneuver around the furniture; there's a metal floor grill covering a heating vent in front of the President's bedroom that must have been an obstacle, too. No helping rails anywhere – not a mirror set at wheelchair height. Perhaps the absence of special effects tells something about the man who lived here.

The floor plan is simple. You enter a foyer, beyond which is a large living room, which also was used as a dining room. A bedroom opens off either side of this room, and another bedroom and the kitchen open off the foyer. There are two baths. From the living room can be seen the stone terrace that overlooks the peaceful valley.

The furnishings are a mixture of old and new; old ladderback chairs and a fine welsh dresser, a mohair davenport, chromium lamps with white parchment shades, an oval Victorian mirror here, a stamped brass ashtray there – and over each door leading from the living room a painted plaster-bas-relief of a sailing vessel. No attempt at "period design" nor "modern effect." Just rooms – the living room meant for chatting with friends before the open fireplace, the bedrooms strictly for sleeping purposes with no distracting book shelves, radios or other gadgets.

The living room has the most to say to visitors. A room that definitely looks "lived in," it contains books and a collection of miscellaneous objects probably presented by friends and relatives. None of the objects is elaborate or a "collector's item." The books run the gamut of law, economics, politics, international affairs, Wilson biographies and murder mysteries, the latter mostly paper-backed pocket editions. There are a number of fine old prints and quite a few ship models, including some in shadow-boxes and several in bottles. One of the shadow-boxes still has its cereal label showing.

Your eye will fall at once on the brown leather club chair with nailheads and an insert of gray velvet in the seat to make it skidproof. This was the chair in which the President was fatally stricken while sitting for his portrait on April 12, 1945. Next to this chair is a nest of tables, with a plain red string doily and a chromium ashtray with a lighter in the form of a penguin. On the floor by the fireplace are two woven reed waste baskets.

The President's bedroom has in it an oversized single pine bed with white candlewick spread, a small night table with glass lamp, parchment-shaded, one arm chair with wheels, one ladderback chair with red and white woven seat pad, one straight armchair, a pine chest with three drawers and a pencil sharpener screwed to it, a square blanket chest, desk and swivel desk chair. The drapes are of cretonne with a chrysanthemum pattern in white, red, green and yellow; there is a hooked throw rug by the

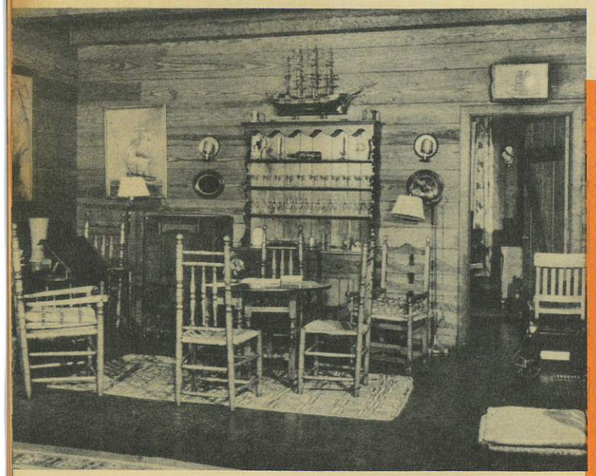
bed in white, green, red and orange. On the walls are photographs of the two Dall grandchildren, a three-sectioned folding mirror in a wood and plaster frame, and a photograph of the south garden at Hyde Park showing flowers in bloom around the spot which today holds the President's grave.

The other bedroom off the living room has white monkscloth drapes, white bedspread with multi-colored flowers, a rust-colored rug, a green cretonne boudoir chair, a small walnut desk, a blanket chest and two maps — of the State of Georgia and the Warm Springs Foundation — on the walls.

The guest bedroom off the foyer has the same drapes as the President's room, with yellow and white candlewick spreads on its twin beds, a brown cretonne boudoir chair, green and pink Axminster rug, two lamps, a long mirror on the door and, on the wall, an etching of a mule.

The kitchen and baths are far from luxurious. Green plaid marbleized linoleum on the kitchen floor, walls and ceiling of unvarnished natural pine. Green oilcloth covers the shelves and a wooden table. Canisters are red and green. There are an electric range, an old sink with a wooden drainboard, several Georgia mountain type ladder chairs. The china is white English type with fluting, the silver the same as that used in Georgia Hall. The bathrooms are not tiled; white cotton curtains and lavender throw rug are used in the one adjoining the President's bedroom.

The total effect of the house is informal — comfortable — happy. It was never a "showplace," nor ever meant to be. The sentry-box entrance and hand-painted sign saying "Little White House" are all that distinguish it from other houses of similar size and architecture. Yet from its friendly, cluttered, familiar interior, its conventional, pretty tree-ringed exterior, comes the feeling of a home. It was here, at home, Franklin D. Roosevelt lived. Here he came for rest. Here he died.



Franklin D. Roosevelt spent many happy hours in front of this fireplace.

This side of the living room was used for dining.

The doorway to the Little White House.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's bedroom showing the bed in which he died April 12, 1945.

Early trustees of the Warm Springs Foundation. *Left to right, front:* Dr. LeRoy W. Hubbard; Franklin D. Roosevelt; Leighton McCarthy. *Left to right, back:* George Foster Peabody; Basil O'Connor; Frank C. Root.

Officers and Staff at Warm Springs

Officers

Basil O'Connor . . . . . *President and Treasurer*
George E. Allen . . . . . *Vice President*
Keith L. Morgan . . . . . *Vice President*
William F. Snyder . . . . . *Vice President and Secretary*
Stephen V. Ryan, Jr. . . . . *Vice President and Assistant Secretary*
Fred Botts . . . . . *Assistant Secretary*
C. W. Bussey . . . . . *Assistant Treasurer*
L. D. Cannon . . . . . *Assistant Treasurer*
Raymond H. Taylor . . . . . *Assistant Treasurer*

Executive Committee

John S. Burke . . . *Chairman*

Vincent Cullen — Clarence G. Michalis — Basil O'Connor
John C. Hegeman — Jeremiah Milbank — Louis H. Pink

William F. Snyder . . . . . *General Counsel*
Raymond H. Taylor . . . . . *Executive Secretary*

Medical

C. E. Irwin, M.D. . . . . *Chief Surgeon*
Stuart Raper, M.D. . . . . *Internist*
J. A. Johnson, M.D. . . . . *Consulting Physician*
Robert L. Bennett, M.D., M.S. . . . . *Director of Physical Medicine*
Bessie Mae Crowe, R.N. . . . . *Superintendent of Nurses*
Mrs. W. A. Stewart, Jr. . . . . *X-Ray and Laboratory Technician*
Mrs. J. O. Caldwell . . . . . *Corsetiere*
Helen Vaughn . . . . . *Chief Physical Therapist*
Genevieve S. Collins . . . . . *Assistant Chief Physical Therapist*

Physical Therapy Post-Graduate School

Robert L. Bennett, M.D., M.S. . . . . *Director*
Alice Lou Plastridge . . . . . *Assistant Director*
Genevieve S. Collins . . . . . *Instructor in Physical Therapy*
Helen Vaughn . . . . . *Instructor in Physical Therapy*
Mrs. Hazel R. Stephens . . . . . *Recreational Director*
Lamoille Langworthy . . . . . *Instructor*
Betty Schlosser . . . . . *Instructor*

School and Occupational Therapy

Mrs. Hoke S. Shipp . . . . . *Director of School*
Jeanette Ann Neal . . . . . *Director of Occupational Therapy*

Administration

C. W. Bussey . . . . . *Business Manager*
L. D. Cannon . . . . . *Assistant Business Manager*
B. V. Davis . . . . . *Auditor*

Admissions

Fred Botts . . . . . *Registrar*

"Nothing is closer to my heart than the health of our boys and girls, and young men and young women..."

Franklin D. Roosevelt